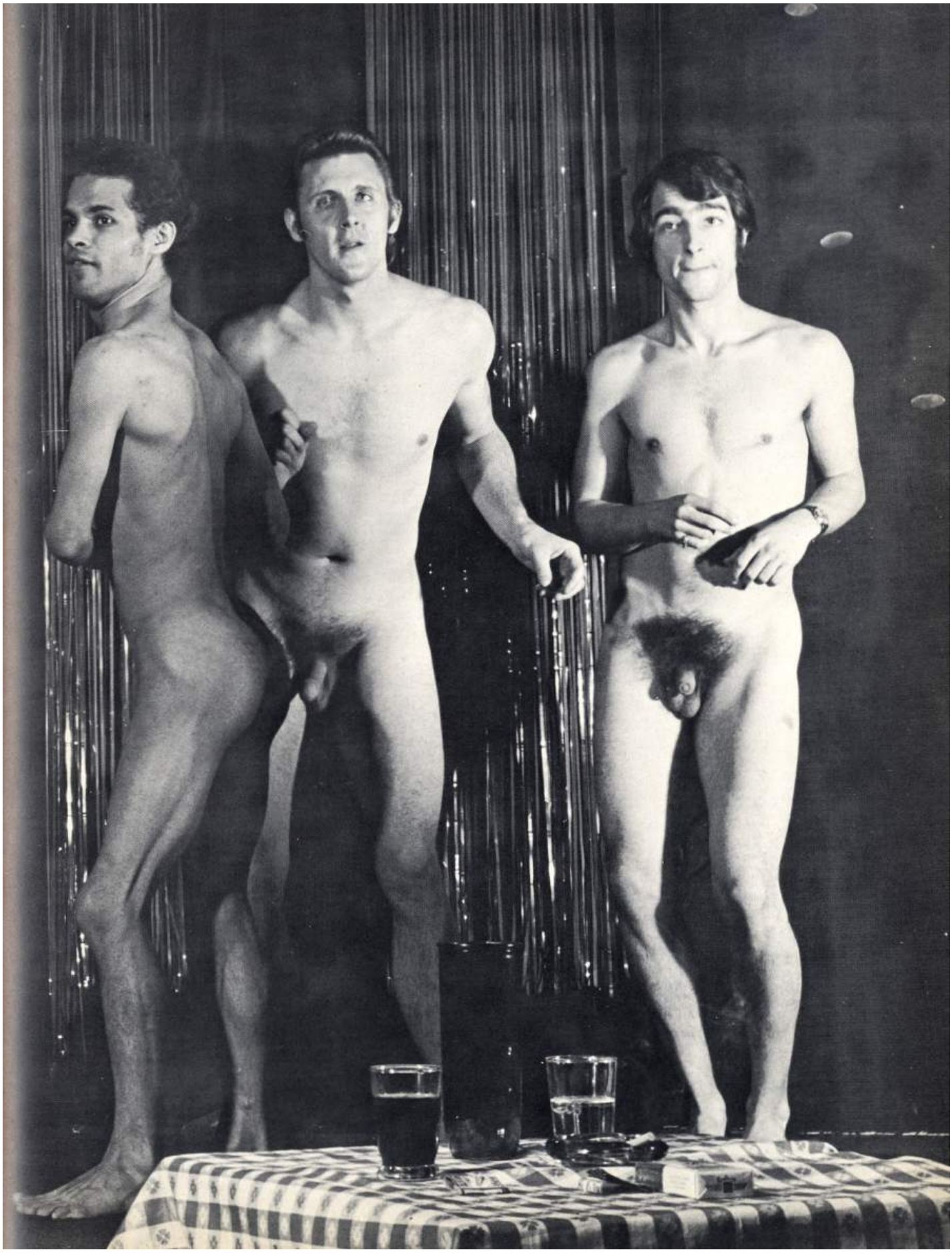
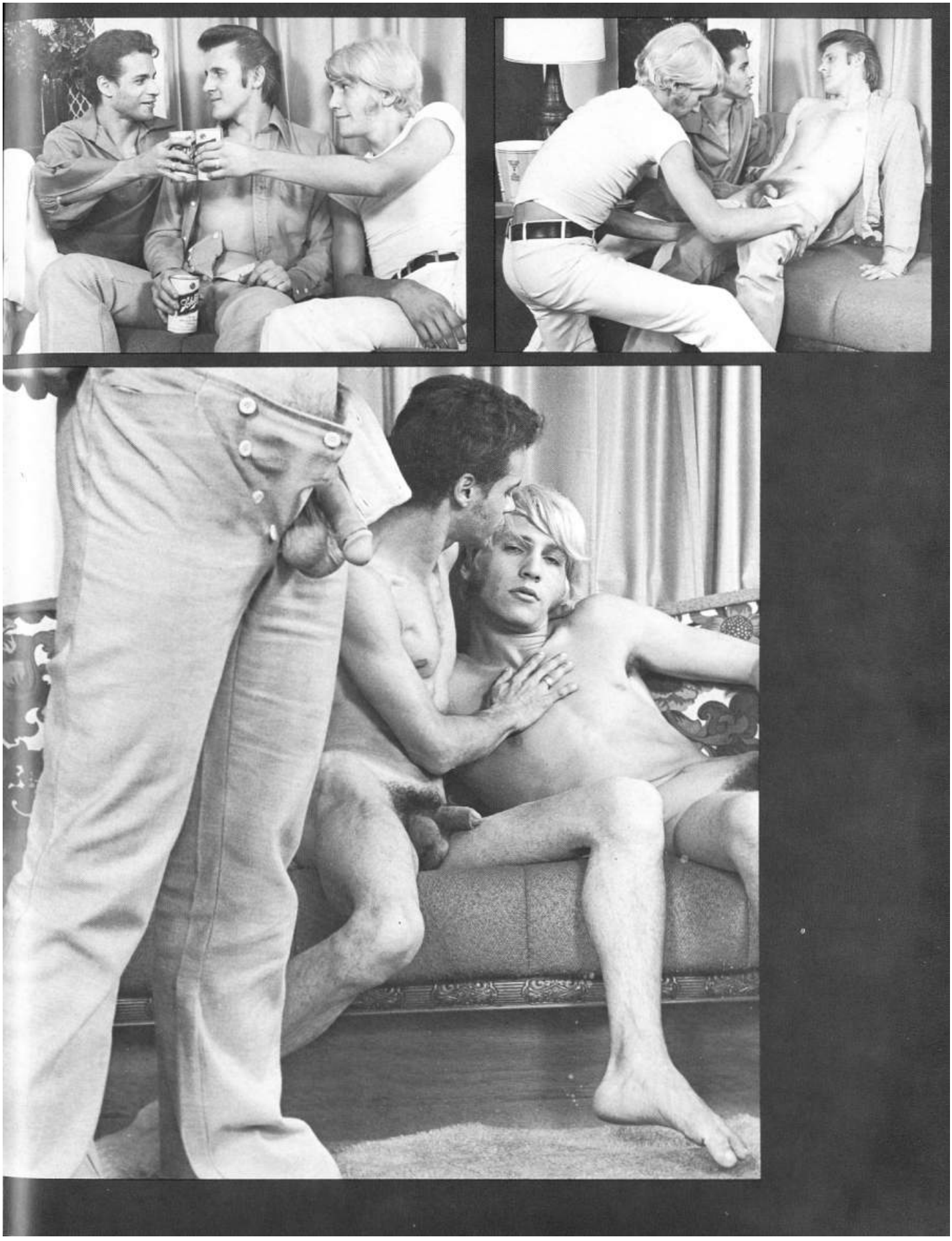
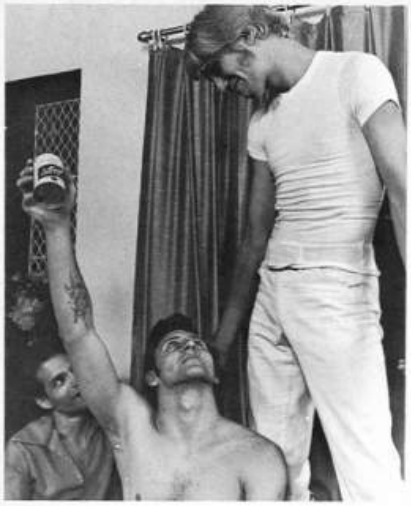
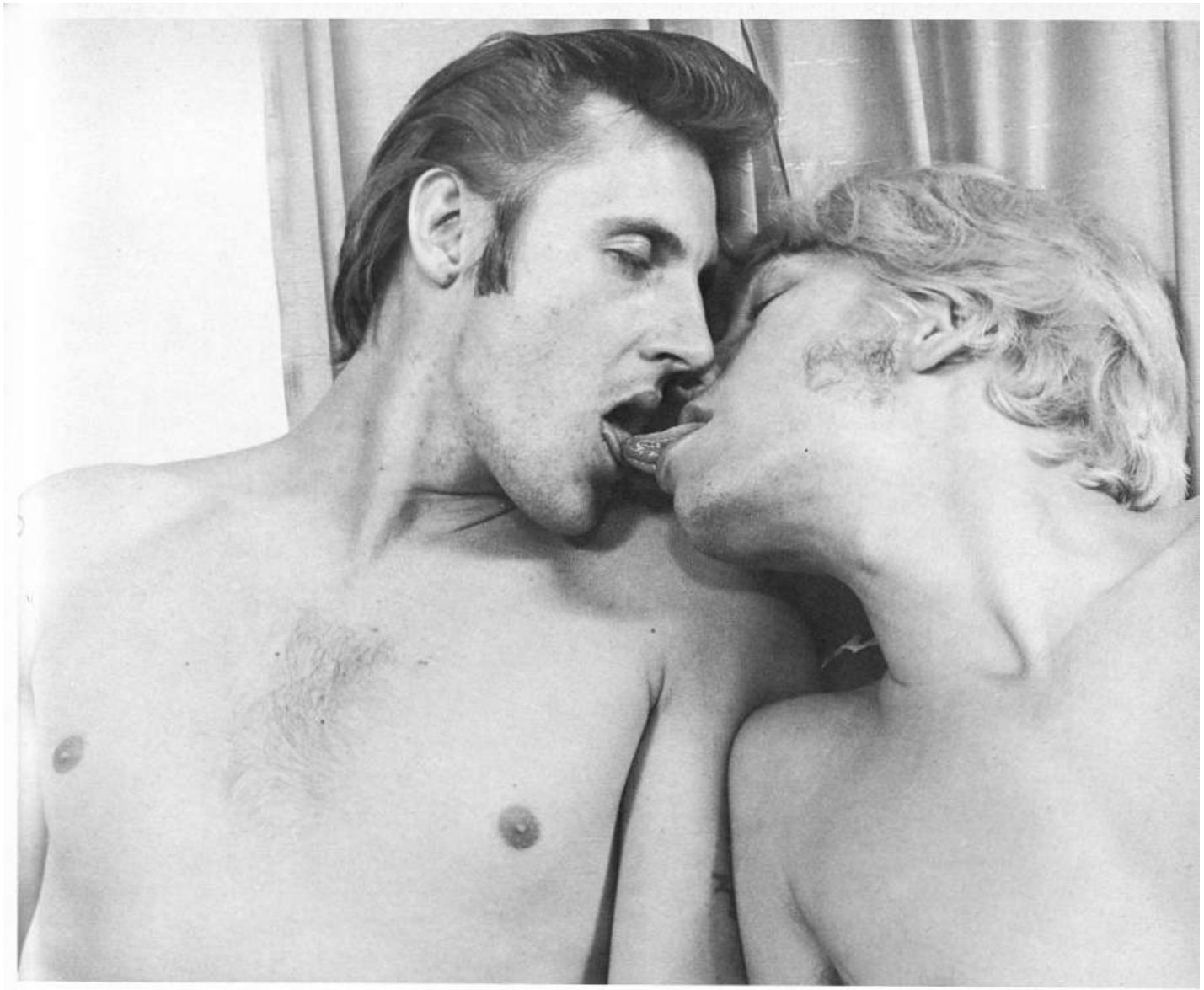






HELL
RIDERS



pressed. Hell, I'm impressed when I stop and look at it myself. I've had it for over two years, and it's still one of the most beautiful cars I've ever seen.

I guess Charlie expected one hell of a lot after he saw the car. Come to think of it, he probably thought that I was going to drive him right back to my spacious pad in Bel Air or something. Actually, I keep an apartment in the city. It's closer to work and I really prefer the style of city living to suburban living. I lived out in the suburbs when I first came to the West Coast, but it wasn't long until I gravitated to the city. Things just get dull out in suburbia.

Finally Charlie picked up on the fact that we were headed south and asked where we were headed.

I explained about the MEAT MARKET. It's a new kind of gay joint. I have an interest in it with a couple other guys who have a little money socked away. It can't help but make money if we don't let it run down. I'm talking about the clientelle, if you know what I mean. There's a special type of gay guy—the kind that I am—the kind that I like. The kind of guy who knows what he wants and isn't all confused about his "tendencies." That's the kind that our place appeals to. It's got live stage shows—male nude dancers and the like, and pool tables, and things like that so a guy doesn't have to feel like he has to stay half an hour and then leave. That was one of the original concepts we had when we opened the place.

You see, most gay bars in the cities do all right financially. That's because there are a lot of gay guys who want to have some place to meet other gays. Well, that's all well and good except for one thing. If a guy walks into your place and has a couple of drinks and then runs into somebody he digs, it takes them about half a minute to decide to cut out and there you are with two empty bar

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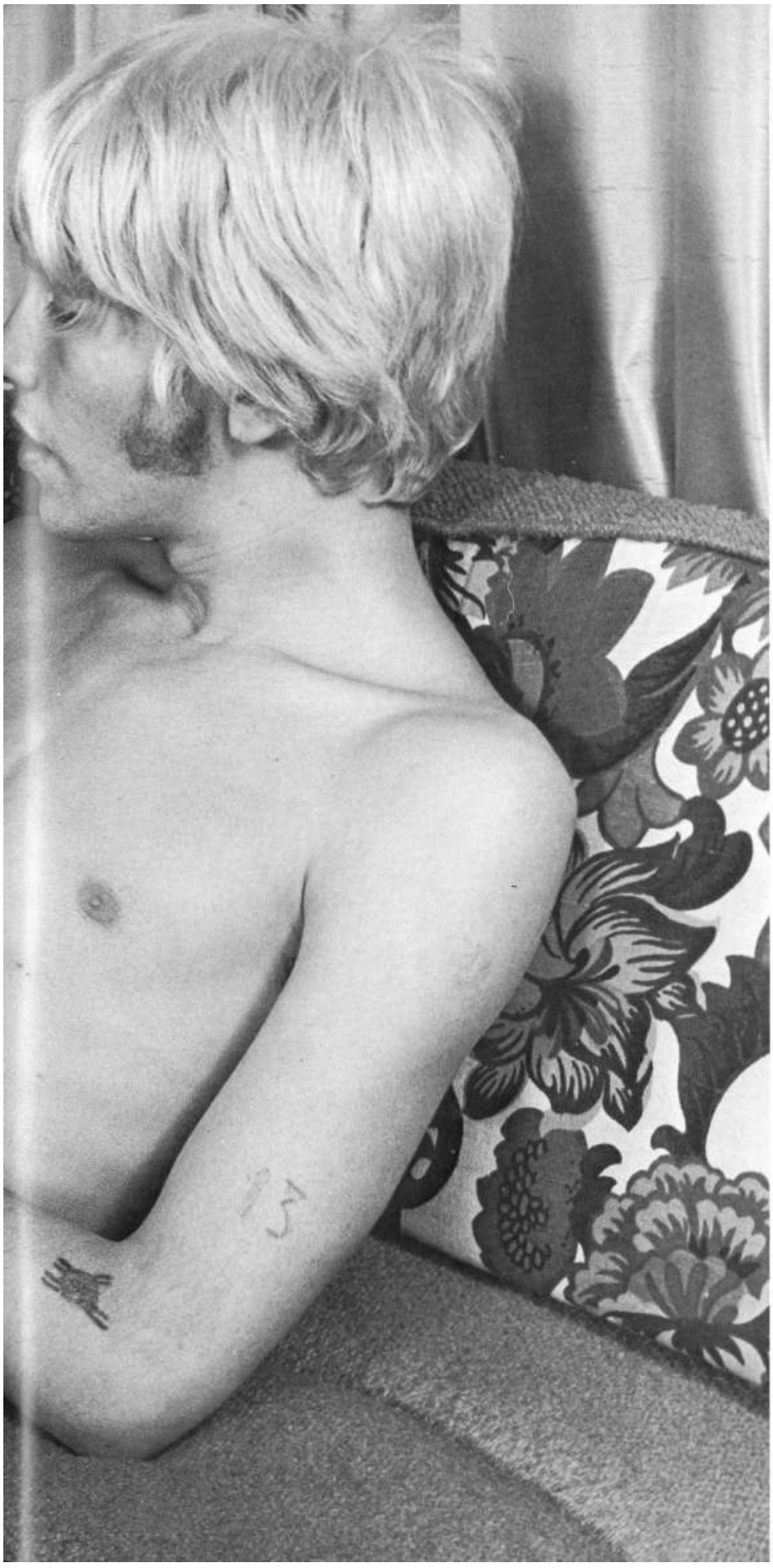
stools. It doesn't take a Harvard business school grad to realize that you could be making a lot more money if you could get the customers to hang around a while. That's what we're after. That's why we put in the pool tables and the shows. Believe me, it pays off. At least it has so far. Of course, we don't fool ourselves. It won't be long until the other guys wise up to what we've started. Pretty soon everyone and his brother will be trying out the same idea, but at least we have the jump on them. We'll already have an established clientelle.

It was nearly time for lunch when we arrived at the MEAT MARKET. We grabbed a sandwich at the bar and watched the other

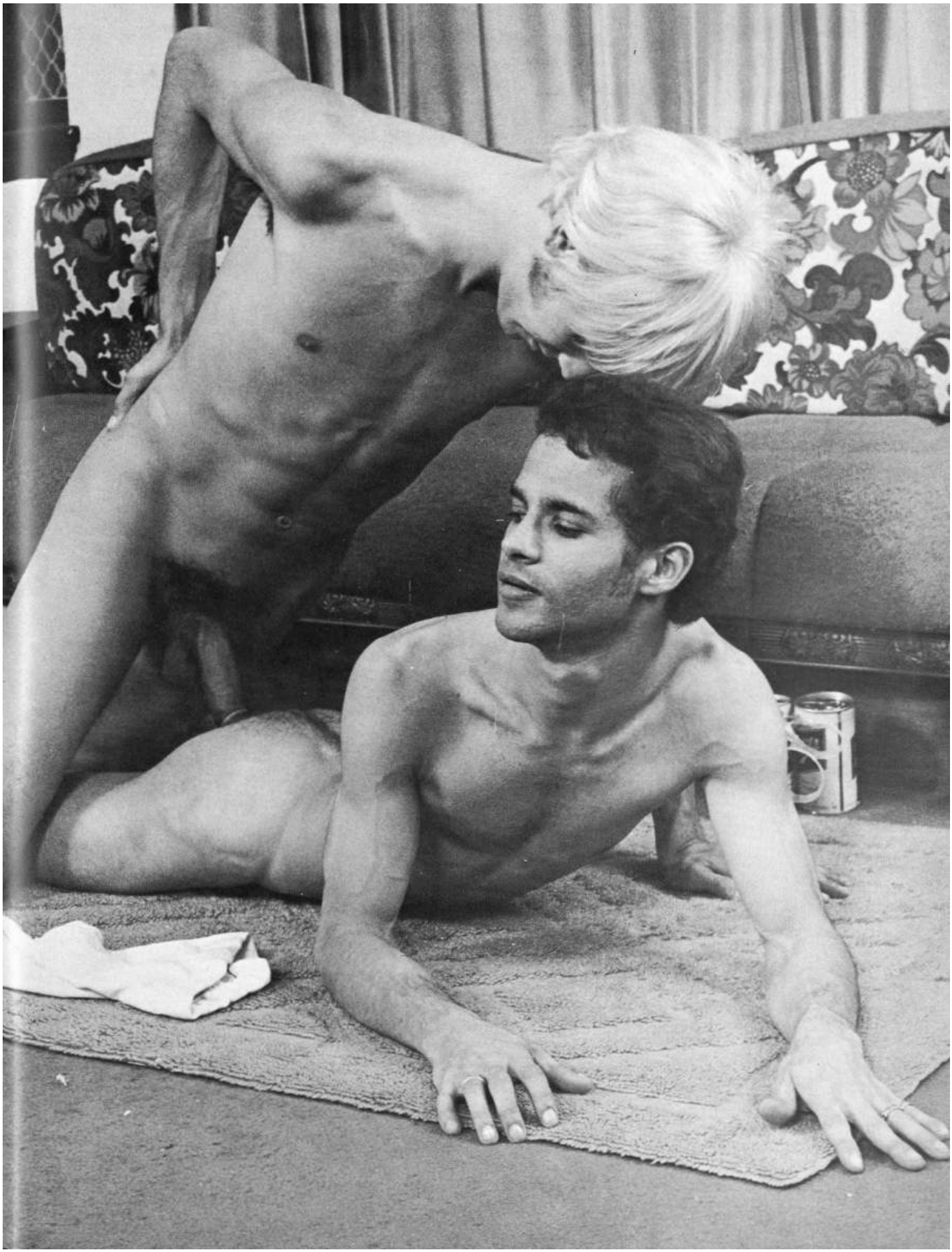


guys. It wasn't a big crowd, but then it never is at that time of day.

We shot a little pool and generally relaxed for about an hour. Then a few more people started to filter in. The early show goes on about two o'clock and we sat through it. The dancers aren't really bad at all, but most of them I just wouldn't have anything to do with personally. They just work for me and that's about the size of it. They tell me that a couple of the guys up there are actually straight, but I have my doubts about that. I just can't figure out how a straight guy would get into a job like that unless he had some leanings. Oh well, I guess some guys will do anything for a buck!

Charlie kind of got turned on by the show, but I think that he felt a little sorry for the guys in the show just like I do. We didn't actually talk about it, but we watched each other's faces for reactions and I think we communicated. After the show, I suggested we split and get some dinner. The

MEAT MARKET has damn good sandwiches at the bar. That's part of our program of making the customers feel like sticking around for a while, but I figured we could both use something a little more substantial if we were going to get in all the action I had planned for the evening. We grabbed a steak at a nearby joint where I frequently eat when I'm in the neighorhood. The owner is a hard old doll who has been through one hell of a lot in her time, but she's still not bad looking and she's finally making a living by serving good food, so I've got a soft spot for her.



Andrew
M.H.R.A.

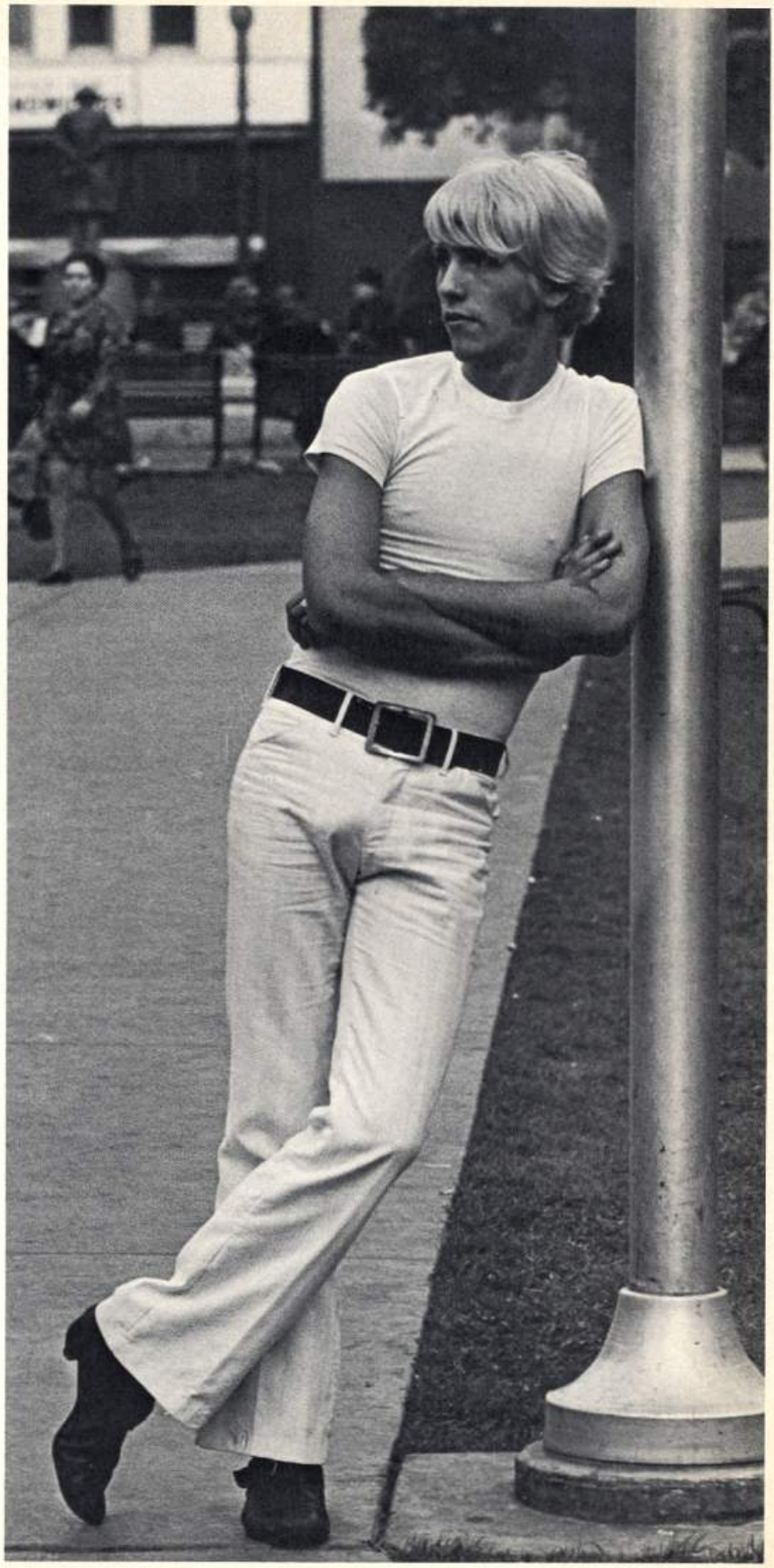
After dinner, we went over to Jack's pad. Jack is my head bar tender. He and I have a little arrangement set up so that I can use his pad when he's on duty at the MARKET. I put a little extra in his paycheck and I have a place that's handy to the MARKET if I want to take somebody there or if I just want to sleep off the booze before I drive back to my place.

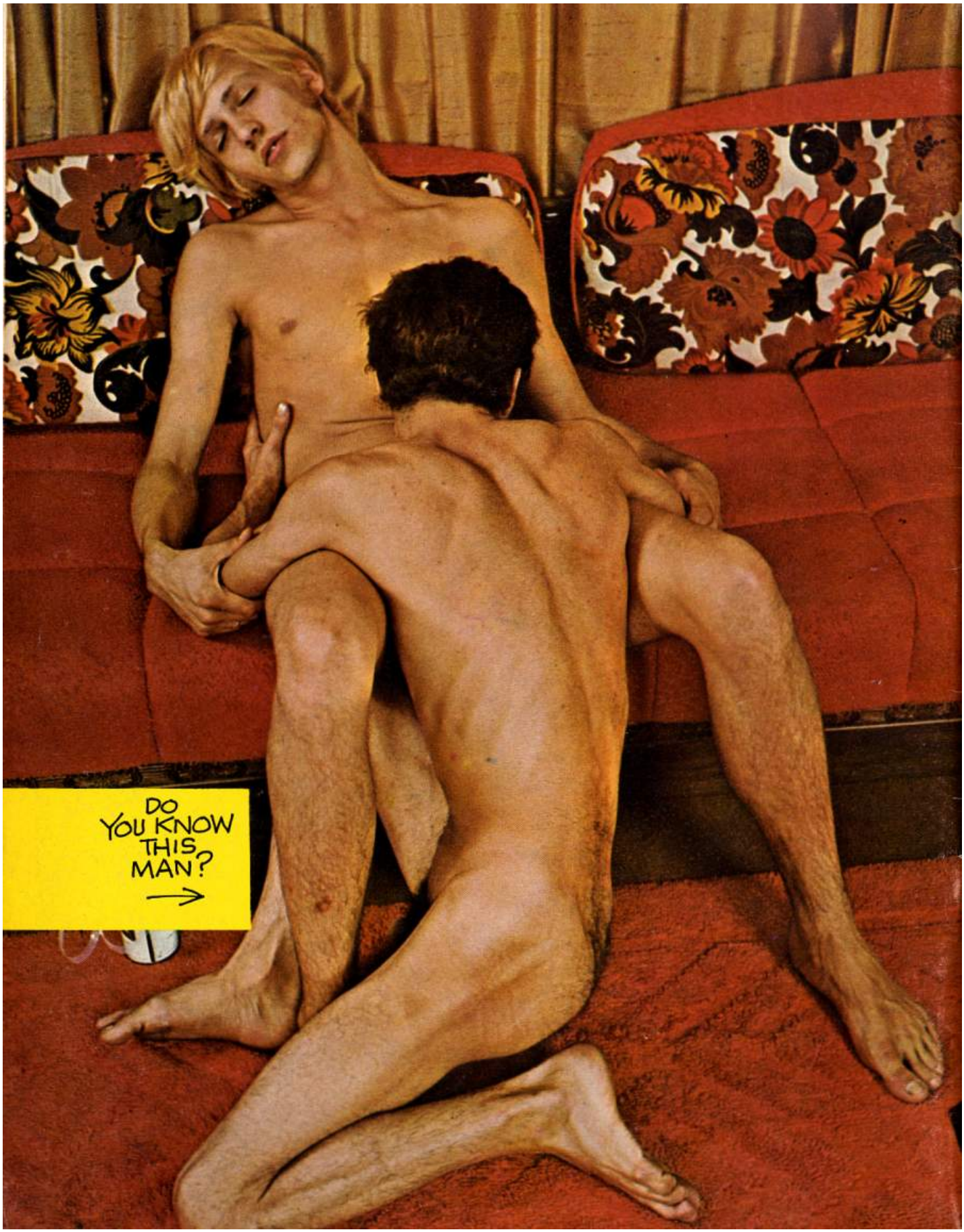
I keep a little liquor cabinet stocked over at Jack's, so Charlie and I could just sit around and unwind a little. We didn't spend too long drinking because we were both anxious to try out the real reason we were there.

The action was very fine—really better than I had expected. If you think I'm going to go into detail about it, you have a filthier mind than I do. All I'm going to say, is that I was glad I'd happened to be in Pershing Square that morning.

Afterwards, we both slept. I remembered to call up Jack at the bar first though, and tell him to make use of the bed in the back room when he closed the MARKET.

Next morning, neither of us felt very talkative. I drove back up by Pershing Square and left Charlie off where I'd found him. When I got to my place and parked the car, I found a scrap of paper on the seat. It was part of a book of matches. Charlie had scribbled his phone number and his name on it. "Maybe I will," I thought to myself, "Just maybe."




DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?